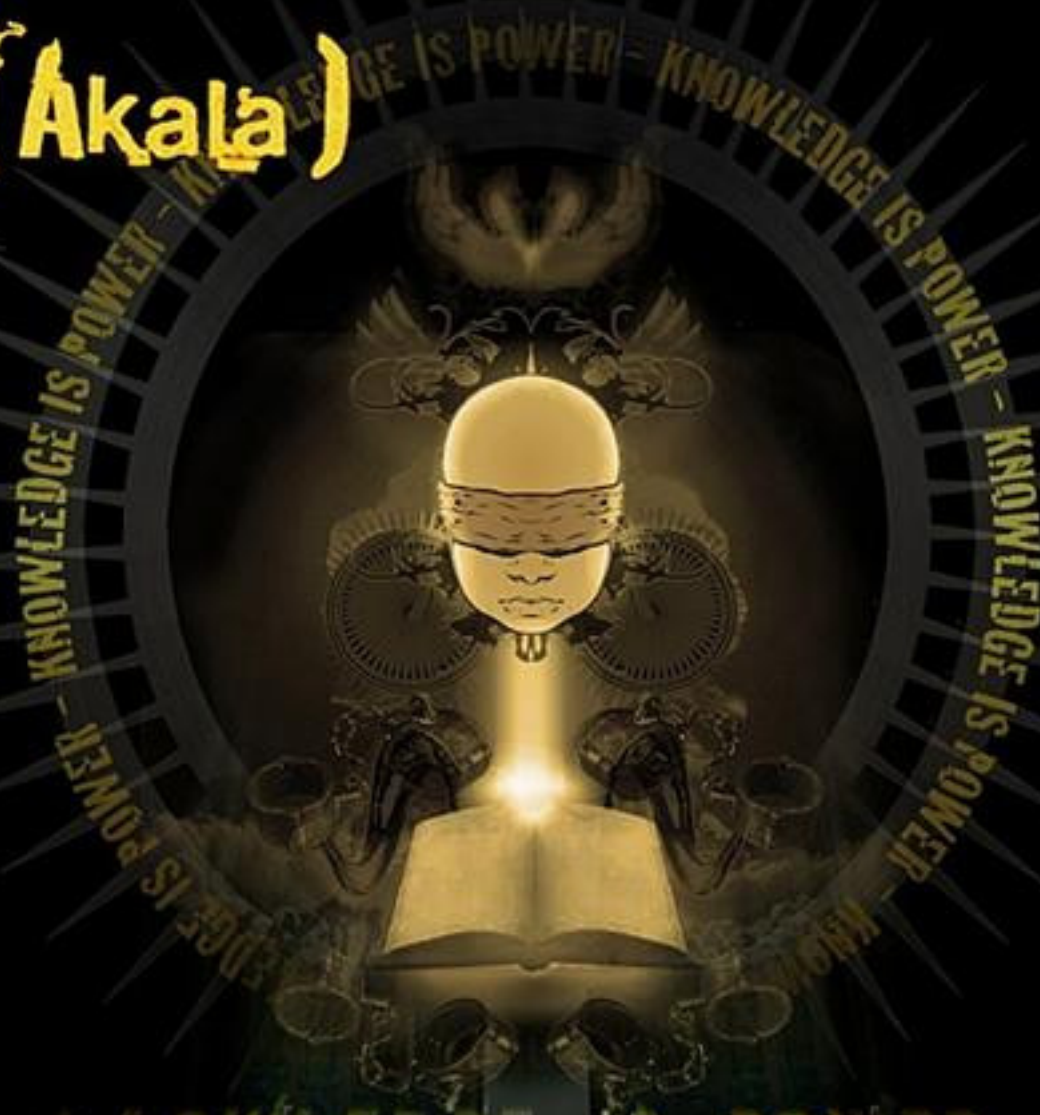


(Akala)



KNOWLEDGE IS POWER
MIXTAPE VOL 1

Akala - Akala - Fire in the Booth Lyrics

Yes, I grew up on the dole in a single parent family
Been through a little bit of tragedy
Yes I was around drugs and violence
Before the day that I started secondary
And that's part of it
Not half of it
Get the picture, the rest ain't necessary
Growin' up, got a little caught up
But that ain't even half of my life
I was also given the knowledge of self
That is all we actually need to survive
If you saw me aged 9, reading Malcolm just fine
Teachers still treated me stupid
Students that couldn't speak English,
they put me in groups with
And the irony is
Some of the first man to give me schoolin'
You would call gangsters
But I already explained, we know what the truth is
They used to say 'Don't be like me'
Yeah I got a name and dough on the street
Night time comes, I can't sleep
And that's the part that rappers don't speak
We don't hit the road cos we are thugs
Don't come out the womb, wanting to sell drugs
If we got the right guidance and love
Would we fight people just like us?
How could I knock the hustle to get by?
How do you think I ate as a child?
Judge no one, done many things wrong
I just don't boast about it songs
But listen to my older bars
I was just as confused as you probably are
But you grow and you learn
Travel and f*** up,
One too many man you know get cut up
One too many man that could've been doctors
End up spending their whole life boxed up
You learn, if you study
Its all set out just to make them money
No cover, it's all about getting
poor people to fight with one another
So its logical that us killing our brothers,
Dissin' our mothers
Is right in line with the dominant philosophy of our time
But time is a cycle, not a line
Comes back around you regain your mind

You be ready for the energy I channel in my rhymes
Remedy the pedigree, the jeopardy of mine
When the world's this f***ed up, lethargy's a crime
We can all fight with our brothers over crumbs,
Far harder to fight the one who makes guns
We can all talk sh** and get two dollars
Far harder to be the one who seeks knowledge
If we understood economics
We'd know money's nothin'
Think nothing of it
Money is a means to get wealth, not the wealth itself
Don't get confused, I'm far from broke
All that you see me do I own
But I won't hang what I make around my neck
I know from where that the diamonds came
But I do quite literally own a library,
That definitely costs more than your chain
And businesses, and properties
Far from starvin', I eat quite properly
And I don't care, just said it for the kids
Who need to know that you're not broke to listen
Don't know an asset from a liability
They've never been shown or told the difference
So they don't change situations
Richest man in Britain is Asian
That's significant, not coincidence,
Asian people build businesses,
Not by flossin'/going out shoppin'
Giving out their culture for everyone's profit
Who run's Bollywood? Indian people
Who owns our shit?
So we shake our arse and dance
As if racism just upped and vanished
But has it? No its right on course
You're beaten so bad, you're trained to ignore
Let me not just make sweeping statements
Gimme a second, I'll explain it
For small amounts of drug possession there's more black people
in jail in America than there is for rape and a
armed robbery and murder all put together
You can say they're just locking up thugs,
Imagine if they locked up every
middle class kid that had ever held drugs,
Oh that's right, that'd be your kids!
Bigger than that what is going on with this,
Prison in America's a private business
They get paid 50k per year per inmate by the State, just wait...
Also legally are allowed to use their prison inmates as slaves
Cheap slave labour, big corporations
They come out of jail, can't get a job
So when we celebrate going to jail,
We are LITERALLY CELEBRATING ENSLAVEMENT

Add to that, that the hood that you're livin'
Engineered social condition that breeds crime by design
Where do you think you get your nine?
You can say that they're just black,
But I like to deal with facts
In the 1920s you would've found in America
Black towns,
Prospering centres of economics
and education to make you proud
But some people couldn't bear
that the former slaves would not just lie down
So the KKK and other hate groups burnt
those towns to the ground
Killin hundreds,
If it ain't understood,
You think you were always livin' in the hood?
Shit it's only been sixty years
Since they hung blacks and burned em'
And that was so cool
Day reel passes, picnic baskets
Even gave kids the day off school
To go see a lynchin'
Have a picnic
It's fun to watch the little monkeys die(!)
Then people act a little dysfunctional
You wanna pretend that you don't know why
If your colour means you can be killed
And you're powerless to get justice about it
Is it difficult to figure out
how you would then end up feelin' about it?
And that ain't excuses,
Just dealing with the roots of abuses
that make a reality
Where a generation of young men
speak of ourselves as dirt casually
That's America,
This Britain,
Some things are similar,
Some different,
In this country the first enslaved were the working class
What's changed?
Worst jobs, worst conditions
Worst taxed, look where you're livin'
You go to the pub, Friday night,
You will fight with a guy,
Don't know what for,
But won't fight with a guy, suit and a tie,
Who sends your kids to die in a war,
They don't sell the kids of the richer politicians,
It's your kids, the poor british
That they send to go die in a foreign land
For these wars you don't understand,

Yeah they say that you're British
And that lovely patriotism they feed ya
But in reality you have more in common with immigrants
Than with your leaders
I know, both side of my family
Black and white are fed ghetto mentality
Reality in this system,
Poor people are dirt regardless of shade
But with that said,
Let's not pretend that everything is the same
When our grandparents came here to Britain
If you had a criminal record you couldn't get in
Yet that ain't protect them from all the stupid,
stupid abuses they would be livin'
Kicked in the teeth,
Stabbed in the street,
Many times fired bombed our houses,
Put faeces through our letter box
And of course the cops did so much about it(!)
Daily, up to the 80s
People spittin' into my pram cos' I was a coon baby
But of course that has had no effect on why today we are crazy
And none of this was for any good reason
They were just dark and breathing
To ease the guilt now for all of this treatment
Constant stereotypes and needed
So if I celebrate how big that my dick is,
Bricks that I'm flippin'
Clips that I'm stickin'
Chicks that I'm hittin'
I'm playing my position
But if I teach a kid to be a mathematician,
Messin' with the schism,
How they gonna fill a prison when materialism is no longer our religion?
What do you think we got now in Britain?
Just like America, private prisons
Prisons for profit!
That mean when your kids go jail people make money off it,
So keep environments that breed crime
Build more jails at the same time
Market badness to the kids in the rhymes
As long as rich kids ain't dying its fine!
Get em' to the point where some are so lost
They actually believe that
if they don't celebrate killin' themselves off
That it's because they're soft
Was Malcom soft?
Was Marley soft?
Tell me was Marcus Garvey soft?
Well? Was Mohammed Ali soft?
Nah, Nah I think not!
But they want us to think that the road is cool

Being on road is all we can do
We don't control the wholesale productions
Who benefits from us movin' the food?
Or thinking there's no way out of road life
But Malcolm X used to hustle out on the roadside
When Marcus Garvey organised more than 6million people
Why is this something you cannot equal?
Shiiiiit!
One of my homeboys did a ten straight in the box in yard
Now what's he doing?
Passin' his doctorate
Don't tell me that it's too hard!
Who trained you to believe that you're inferior?
Sungbo Eredo in Nigeria are the remains of an ancient moat,
Dug 1000 years ago
20 metres wide, 70 down,
Round the remains of an ancient town
That's 400 square miles around
400 square miles around
Please, please don't believe me,
It was a documentary on BBC!
But we ain't studyin' history,
Too busy watching MTV
And MTV said wear platinum,
Now everybody wanna go and wear platinum,
And MTV said pop magnums,
Now everybody wanna go and pop magnums
If MTV said drink prune juice
You would start hearing that in tunes soon,
'Hey! Today I wore my Cartier,
Is it now more important what I got to say?'
Oh and I drive a Mercedes by the way
So everybody listen to what I got to say
Huh, does that make you all happy?
Ahh but shit my head's still nappy
Think for myself, still some mad at me
But on the mic ain't not one bad as me
All of this here's good for the rhymes
Put us in the same place at the same time
And it's clear to everybody that I'm out of my mind
Some of these guys are runnin' out of their rhymes
Clear to everybody that has got ears
I'm the guy that they just might fear
They wanna get near but they can't have a peer
Ah dear I'm hard liquor you're just like beer
Front on the kid for another five years
Come to my shows and some cry tears
It mean that much to em', it's a movement!
I don't speak for myself but a unit,
Black, white, man, woman,
anyone that respects truth we put in
Dudes are like dinner with no puddin'

Yeah you're sweet but no substance puddin'
You could never ever be with a level on
Our songs get out played out there in Lebanon
We speak for the people properly
Not for the old fat guys in offices
And the girls love him, it ain't fair
He can't even be bothered to comb his hair
Anyway that's enough kissin' my own arse
Back to the more important task of being so shower
I got half the hood screaming "KNOWLEDGE IS POWER"
And I ain't saying that will change rap
But I do know this for a fact
Right now there's a you' on your block
With his hands on his balls, face screwed up
Swear he don't care, don't give a fuck
That he won't let nobody caught his block
But the words go in
Open your shackles
Because once that's happened there's no going back
Once you start to see what is really happening
Who the enemy you should be attackin' is
So READ, READ, READ!
Stuck on the block, READ, READ!
Sittin' in the box, READ, READ!
Don't let them say what you can achieve
Cos when people are enslaved
One of the first things they do is stop them reading
Cos' it is well understood
that intelligent people will take their freedom
Cos' if we knew our power
we would understand that we can't be held down
If we knew our power,
we would not elevate not one of these clowns
If we knew our power,
we wouldn't get arrogant when we get two pennies
If we knew our power,
we would see what everybody sees, that we're rich already!
But never mind MCs go run for your mummy
I'm hungry, I run for my tummy
That's enough back to worshipping money
I'm off, back to the study!

Akala - Absolute Power Lyrics

Absolute power corrupts absolutely
But absolute powerlessness does the same
Its not the poverty
Its the inequality that we live with everyday that will turn us insane

Absolute power corrupts absolutely
But absolute powerlessness does the same
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In a scheme of livin' my life wasn't hard
But as far as britain goes shit I practically starved
Sleeping in a track suit, gas meter runnin' out
Electric cut off as well, candles lightin' up the house
Lookin' in my momma's eyes I see how she feels
The strain and the pain of just paying bills
It ain't real, and thats how I grew like so many more
And it is part of who I am
I am very sure
You wanna know the rage I feel in my stomach
Knowing my mum and dad split up when I was still in her stomach
And not everything that happened I will put in sixteens
But I will tell you enough so you will know what I mean
My boy's mother got cancer the same time as mine
His mother died, and mine survived
The shit was fucked back then
When I was like ten already had the mental strength
More than many grown men

Absolute power corrupts absolutely
But absolute powerlessness does the same
Its not the poverty
Its the inequality that we live with everyday that will turn us insane

This was a couple years after my step-dad left
Did he really know the crazy mess that he left?
Cos mum done' recovered from the lumps in her neck
Being poor and alone just couldn't cope with the stress
And I earn my big sis for
So much soul that night hattan left school
When she left home
I was thirteen by now
Still a little kid, innocent
Next couple years though would turn him 'to a militant
That is the result of no food in the fridge
And every other day being searched by the pigs
Fuck these patronizing teachers

Don't want my grades 'slip, trynna' emasculate me
-yeah turn me 'to a bitch
And I dont mean a woman please lemme be clear
I mean a spineless man 'cos what do they fear
Than a working class black male with a brain
When our energy is harnessed, every changed
Look at 'Pac look at Marley look at Hendrix look at Garvey
This is the potential that is wasted on a daily basis
In this racist, classist world that we live in
Still we comin' from nothing but we educate millions

Absolute power corrupts absolutely
But absolute powerlessness does the same
Its not the poverty
Its the inequality that we live with everyday that will turn us insane

I understand why it scares you
Its like how dare you
Overcome obstacles that we have been careful to
Place in your way every step of the way
In this so called democracy where kids get sprayed
Blacks and the Asians, Turks and the chavs
Crowded in council flats, living like ants
And who's more confused than the poor white trash
Spouting the bullshit about they want their country back
It never was yours, you should read more
What they did to brown people they did to their own poor
Peoples memories short, so much that im seeing
Black and asian kids cussing eastern Europeans
No pot to piss in, makes competition
I fail to see how this is an effective system
Cats and dogs in America and Britain
Eat better food then most of humanity
We spend our technology only on killin'
How is this more than sophisticated savagery
Its like its said, the world is a stage
Each person's just an actor with a part to play
Like the middle class kids, - kids of the rich
Have everything, but yet still they pissed
On coke and ketamine, strung out on heroin
I ain't generalizing, look at the evidence

Absolute power corrupts absolutely
But absolute powerlessness does the same
Its not the poverty
Its the inequality that we live with everyday that will turn us insane

Go to Glastonbury any year
You will see, unlike carnival
It won't be crawling with police
This is London, the kids on the very next street
Had a very different life experience than me

In my experience they can't help but be smug
After a lifetime of what they think's just good luck
They're still more anxious
And more frank cos'
Unearned privilege weigh's like an anchor
That's why they copy what we do, tryna' be what they not
They will grow up though and get better jobs
They will maintain the system they claim that they hated
But they can't burn it down they got a stake in this matrix
Hip-hop is just a fad to them, you didn't know?
But to us, this our living breathing soul
And yeah they might backpack in South America
Or even volunteer in an African village
But all said and done, push comes to shove
And shit hits the fan they're middle class and British
That's just how it is, most rich brown people are just as full of shit
So more concerned with they cars and jewels
Most of the worlds poor looks just like you
So more concerned with imprivileged few
Most of the worlds poor looks just like you

Absolute power corrupts absolutely
But absolute powerlessness does the same
Its not the poverty
Its the inequality that we live with everyday that will turn us insane

Akala - Who's the Gangsta? Lyrics

Yo, Akala, listen...
Who's the Gangsta?
We claim Gangsta
Hip hop tells us we're Gansta
But do we make the straps and the scales?
Or just pack the jails
So please ask yourself
Who's the Gansta? The real Gansta

I don't give a rats arse
Or a raasclaat
Who you're spars are
Or where you par par
Don't start
Are your bars hard?
Have you mastered
How to spar with a bastard?
Been dark since the march of the Spartans
Before Eve ate the fruit of the garden
I was in pursuit of the truth like a slalom
Dodging these sergeants
Slave masters
Whether they cuffed or they feathered and tarred 'em
Same shit
Different Jargon
Same Clip
Different cartridge
Same whip
Different master
Look closer
We ain't got past it
The shackles are not tackled
They're just different
Cattle rattle and rattle
But they collect the dividends
We're a fuel for someone else's engine
We don't run a damn thing We're just pretending
So all the big talk, don't affect me
My elders lick banks So you can't impress me
With all the talk 'bout another mans gun
That we use to kill each other for fun
When the master sends the overseers to see us
We toss the weapon and run
Boy dem run in your yard diss your mother
Dashing her knickers all out of the cupboard
Got us face down with their feet on our neck
But we still believe we are vets

But... do we make the straps and the scales
Or just pack the jails
So please ask yourself
WHO'S THE GANGSTA?
Do we make the planes and the boats
That import the coke?
So please ask yourself
WHO'S THE GANSTA?

We blow each other's brain in
So entertaining
They drop bombs of depleted Uranium
You bruk the law?
You go to prison
They kill a couple million, stack a billion
Business as usual, death in the colonies
What is that but state to state armed robbery
Just a road move on a bigger level
Think we are mountains but we're just pebbles
Better yet a sand grain
Go pop a little champagne
But the people in the south of France are not our fans mate
Would love to live nice and happy too
But ask yourself this
Does anyone that you know control the flow of capital?
The answer is no
And if you knew the business deals man are negotiating
You would know you could never ever claim that im hatin
Vegan cuz, but I get the bacon and eggs just fine
In case you're mistaken
And if I don't like that?
I don't like that
Grew up on Big Yout and Gregory Isaacs
No surprise that
Revolution on my track
Been right there from right back
Sacred Geometry
Don't follow me
Still just an angry yout that spits horribly
Trying to live peaceful, I remember
What happened the last time I lost my temper
And believe I ain't trying to be hard
The abuse that I suffered
I'm emotionally scarred
Supposed to be only beholding the bars
Instead I'm a professor that never went to class
I write literature, they write bars
The Celtic warrior, Marooned from yard
When you compare me to these little tarts
All you are showing is you're not very smart
Real MC it's my culture

Grew up on the sound systems with the toasters
You man'a put down
Its third gear to me
Tenth planet ain't not another one near to me
When I orbit
Clicks forfeit
'course it flows
My yout don't force it
Or try brush man off
As just conscious
Come out my face with that nonsense
Tug revolution, that's what it is
Never do we run from one of these kids
If we ain't shook with the owners of the plantation
Why would we run from a slave?
We've all got goons
That love us enough to wanna die for us
So just behave
Cause man'a old school straighteners
One two one two face of the haters
Chasing their papers
Nah!
Man are chasing freedom
But papers are making and blatantly shaking and quaking in their boots
Anytime you talk about breaking enslavement
So I do feel like Neo in the Matrix
Cause I don't understand
Why is everybody so scared of the agents
When they are powerless BLATANT
Got a little bit, but I put it on the line
Listen to the shit that I spit in my rhymes
Ali at his prime, principal first
Even if it means that I don't get heard
Cause the herds are absurd
Their hating the nerd
But the nerd's controlling the face of the earth
So I tell a man so straight I'm a nerd
But duppy a track at my worst
Cold as a blizzard in a furnace
A wizard of a wordsmith
Riddles that I chisel in stone
Perfect
Ask for yourself on the road
They'll tell you Akala is cold
He kicks knowledge for the block
Never gonna stop
Progression on my albums
Never gonna flop
When that shit's on
It starts to dawn
This whole shit is chess
And they want us to celebrate the fact that we are just pawns

But I am not on it
See
The last thing they want is man with road energy
To stop killing one another and think cleverly
And ask why you're living where you're living and how you're living
Did you create the conditions that you're raising you're kid in?
And if you didn't who did it?
Is it really for the hood
If only by crushing your aspirations
Can they maintain this here situation
Only by destroying the dreams of your kids quick
Can they keep their unearned privileges
And that is what it's all about

Akala - I'm So Cool Lyrics

Im an emcee first so guess what shithead
I can be an arrogant prick too dickhead
We all got tugs on the road that spit lead
What you choose to promote what's your intent
Man done hundreds of shows no deal
Can count countries I been and I still
Ill shit kill shit red and blue pill shit
Talk sense but tugs still feel shit
14 in coliseum with big women
Every other week when the shots kept ringing
So parden me if I don't give a fuck lately
But half of these bars emcees wanna spray me
Only care if you wanna educate me
Or great emcee like Biggie was baby
I've no response if you hate me
Don't lie to yourself claim that you don't rate me
Who else can make intelligence seem sexy
Girls try hard, still can't get me
Gotta be a queen, stay select
Grown man don't run when I get a wreck
Not any girl that can feel the sweat, heat
Push the mind sex and I change the technique
Who the fuck, you wanna claim you rep street
You ain't out there with the youts and get deep?

Im so cool playing the game
But I make my own rules
I'm so cool stay in your lane
Or you'll get took to school
Im so cool playing the game
But I make my own rules
I'm so cool, so cool so fucking cool

Many man talk shit but they got no talent
Everything that I spit classic
Known from Sudan to Zimbabwe the hard way
Livin' off the work of the words that the bard spray
Teaching my shit in the schools since the first disc
What would you think when im there, im a wordsmith
In the truest sense of the word have you heard prick
It's a new day absurd with my nerd shit
...We know Akala we know that he reads
Never run from no guy and see men bleed
We all talk tough on the track oh please!
You ain't out there on the steet
I am not superman
You are not superman

But I dont need to pretend that I am
I'de rather fight with the right foe that has stole land
Soul stone cold put a price on your soul man
You can take my wisdom for weakness sweetness
Don't belive that 'turn the other cheek' shit
Fuck Akala with all that deep shit?
Please tell me, really whats street shit
Italian designers, chilling on the block with you
Shot rocks, pop Glocks, hop blocks with you?
We own the straps and the scales?
Or the fasion sales?
Or...just pack the jails

A military mind since back in 04
Who's relevant from then its oh so poor
Emcees come through and the last one sees
And im bleeding and breathing the meaning we feel it
Don't want credit for the message I discuss
Nuff' conscious emcees are boring as fuck
Credit cos my swag, is fly through the roof
A bop when I spit the fire in the booth
Credit cos I am the best emcee
Oh lord dear god Just flee fuck me!
Credit cos I am oh so original
You ain't the only bro that knows criminals
Don't shout out my OG's on the track
They're way too serious for all of that crap
Mans that buy yard and (yawnin) in Ghana
Might be gangstas but always were fathers
Can't rate man that is smuggling parada
Cos yout dem a struggle its dumb fuck retarded
Few emcees have got the game twisted
Don't be ashamed you're earnin' an honest living
How many fucked up cos our dad's in prison
And if they were around there would be less killing
And if you must die then die for the right cause
Die like a muthafuckin man in the right war
Die like Toussain
Die like Dessaline
Die like Malcom
Scheming on a better dream
Die for your family
Die for your Kids home
Don't die for a dumb block that you don't own

Akala - A Message Lyrics

Why are men so weak?
I ain't got the answer
Any boy can bust a nut
Takes a man to be a father and a partner
Especially young and poor, makes it harder
So we fuck and flee the glee of dicks harder
See every man wants to be loved as much as women do
But we are men, who we gonna admit it to
Especially in these streets when we pose like a killer do
When we say they're hoes does that go for our sisters too?
And I ain't saying i'm perfect
Far from it
Chauvinistic pig, but shit, i'm working on
From the day I woke up and realised that I hated women
Which is dumb, cos I was only raised by women
And I ain't saying they're perfect they would admit they ain't
But they ain't doing 99% of the rape
Male supremacy got us thinking its cool
And women are just objects we do things to

This is a message to my little sisters (this is a message!)
Growing up in this world with no father figures
Deep down need that love from a man (from a man!)
So she get it anyway that she can, yo
This is a message to my little brothers (this-is!)
Growing up in this cold world with only mothers
Trying their hardest to be a man
Gettin' the gram feed the fam only way you can (any way, yeah)

If most mothers acted exactly like most daddies do
There would be an even bigger bigger bag of homeless youths
Runnin' the streets, feeling unloved
How many so called tugs
That grew up with only mums
What if daddy stayed around
Showed him what a man was about
What if he wasn't 8 when he became the man of the house
Where would he be now?
Disciplined, smarter
Mums wouldn't have kicked him out for lookin' just like her partner
Instead when she glance at her son?
It's a reminder of the beatings that he gave her
How he mentally enslaved her
All the while he was abusing she looked at him like a savior
But nobody but herself could save her
And now her eldest son in and out of the prison and women like his daddy
And daughter 15 dropping a baby on the family

Listen

What about the daughters

We always hear about the boys madness

What about the girls born to a dad absent

Told her she was the princess, him and mummy fell out

Ever since then? quickly just lost interest

On to the next piece of skirt with a thin dress

Odd, the lessons we learn we don't sin less

We leave daughters, just because we can

And she after any affection she can have in a man

Same type of girl we turn and call a slag

I ain't sayin' I never did it i'm just sayin' its mad

Cos cuz?

Been 15 and suicidal sad

I don't know what it was

Maybe I miss my dad

All the things I never had, making me mad

In a world that says you don't have? You're basically bad

If we have half the parents

Are we half the person then?

Has it always been like this?

Is this the curse of men?

But then again, even if they stayed together

I don't know if its necessarily better

If they're at each other's throats, or just plain ignore

Parents, they fuck you up they do, that's for sure

Then we grow up

And turn up just like you

The question is?

Can we break the cycle

Akala - Get Educated Lyrics

Gordon Bennet
Im flabbergasted
Smart Barstard
Why don't he plsy his role and just act retarded
Cos when you're born single parent poor thts your place
Don't read too many books, sag your jeans screw your face
Chat shit
Act thick
Practice
Your backflips
Put your motherfucking arse out for the cameras
Providing entertainment for your cultural betters
Men of letters think we can only be good if they let us, cos
Knowledge ain't for punks, they market it like it is
Cos who the fuck wants to be Carlton from fresh prince
But geeks designed the system devisions of poleticians
Marthis, and the smiths were livin in their vison
So, Knowledge is power
For devouring cowards that showerd you
With propaganda each and every hour that's why
Malcom never died as, just another tug on the road
A symbol over the globe
Cos did you know?

The most rebellious thing you can do is get educated
Forget what they told you in school, get educated
I ain't sayin' play by the rules, get educated x4
Break the chains of their enslavement, get educated
Even if you're on the pavement, get educated
What a weapon that your brain is, get educated x2

We speak of power
When we speak of education
Free your body free your mind
What you think Toussaint did?
Planned rebellion, that's the way to use your brain kid
That's the only way were gonna make it outta this matrix but
Gotta know the basics
We can look around say that we hate it but
But how do we change it
Or rearrange it, all to replace it
Gotta step into the mind that designed ya
What do you reckon when you step into the fire
What are you reppin' is it definitely bias
Severing your effort in the ways they require?
Act like you're lesser than better
Severing [?] is clever

I know a bag of youths that act like they ain't clever
Cause it's become fashionable to say we all clap a tool
Never symbols of the state, only those that look like you
So whose love are we doin', pursuin' our ruin
The riddle ain't very hard, brother you fill the clue in
So when we clappin' our tools and play the fool
We ain't breakin' the rules, it ain't very cool, you know what to do

So you want to hide something from Blacks
Then you should put it in a book
Still some brothers won't even look, it's like they shook
Its not just us, dumber you act the more they promote it
Cos dumb people will not rebel, sure you know this
Yo, look at the dreams that they feed to our babies, your seeds
Look at the means that they tell us you make all the P's
Dumb celebrities say girls act like you're me
If you suck dick and film it, get a show on TV
Because we don't want too many women thinkin' like bell hooks
We want a bag of hookers that bend over and just cook
Our silicone addressers do anything to impress us
Of course a woman's life is lived just for the fellas
Much as the next man, I love a woman that's shaped up
But there's nothing more unattractive than a woman that play dumb
But the ego with a reason to see you
Lesser than equal to be you
But wanna keep you
At all the bullshit that we do deceitful
And we're evil
I wouldn't want to be you
Putting up with our bullshit, and I mean me too
The anger burns inside of me, violently, its dividing me
One moment I'm cool, the next I think that you're tryin' me
Cos of course I believe in peace, theoretically, generally
But if you love something then you got to defend it, see
Not tellin you be a coward, no coward could be a friend to me
You should know your enemy, cut the head of a centipede
But know the one whose head needs to get severed
For the one who just lives it cos they just don't really know no better
The yout across the block ain't your enemy brother
And if you really knew the truth you'd be defending each other

Akala - Behind My Painted Smile Lyrics

[Verse 1: Akala]

Behind my painted smile when all the revolutionary noise is nothing but a lost little boy
Confused and insecure, arrogant and oversure
An egotistical prick so come on please praise me more
It's great that my music bettered you but I contemplate murder every day so don't put me on a pedestal
Plus truly, just the vehicle the music just runs through me
In my better moments I could let the universe use me

[Lowkey]

Behind my smile there's generations of pain, self-hatred, ingrained miseducated my brain
Decimated the place where my dead relations were slain
Not just physically but mentally penetrated our veins
What you got inside hasn't gotta die once it can die a lot of times, that I promise my son
Analyse every song that I've done - tryna fight colonialism with a colonised tongue

[Hook]

Here I stand again
Living in sin
Caught up, in the dream
Behind the painted smile

[Akala Verse:2]

Behind my painted smile is the most painful grimace
This mental prison I live in cause I am so conditioned
By my privilege, what a strange contradiction
To grow up brown in Britain and know that your living
Was paid for by a carcass that resembles yours
Born in the heart of the empire
You're worth more than I was just like you
But less than the native ones, raised by my mum but in this world I am a father's son

[Lowkey]

Behind my painted smile, a very flawed human being
Done many things that I regret and never knew the reason
What do you believe in, truth or freedom or are you deceiving?
I don't wanna die in prostration to European's
They say the answer is within you and nowhere else
Understand the vision man on a mission to know himself
This is for my co-defendants no retreat and no surrender
You probably think that we don't remember Ota Benga

[Hook]

[Akala verse:3]

The smile is painted on my face is tainted by a frown
Picture in the pocket's of blood that decorate the town
Trigger jam bullets sung and guns hum

Then everyone that's dead was somebody's someone

[Lowkey]

Behind my painted smile I feel like a naked child
Maybe rapping ain't for now cos my passion is fading out
Up early though I search and roam along this dirty road
Just another traveller taking a long journey home

[Akala]

All this talk of intervention to protect on what is the intention
Same as it ever was the colonial past and present
And more respect for most of the right wingers
Than the paternalistic patronising liberal bigot

[Lowkey]

Our way of life is so divine, we should intervene
Select war and export the British dream
Behind cinema screens there's much that isn't seen
George Clooney war movies never bring our children peace

[Akala]

Yo fam, you ever wake up and just feel like fucking off, and never coming back to this place and just cutting off?

[Lowkey]

All the time, almost did last year the trouble was the bloody cops had me running in and out the bloody dock

[Akala]

I been there brother, though I don't promote it in this rap shit, I ain't a stranger to having my back on their blue plastic

[Lowkey]

Can't keep us captive

[Akala]

We see the tactics

[Lowkey]

To keep us passive

[Akala]

We beat the fascists

[Lowkey]

Release the classics

[Akala & Lowkey]

And reach the masses!

[Hook]x2

Akala - Insert Truth Here Lyrics

Truth
Who knows it?
Definitely not me
And they say they do?
They ain't said shit
Look at their attitudes

Who Knows what the truth is
Cos when im stupid enough to claim the exclusive
Rights on nulling of the facts, bullshit
Its just another attack, causing
You to be pushed to the back, move it
If you accept that you lack, prove it
Skill's of your own
Are you groaning
Your tone
In your phone
Gonna add your pay to poem? homes?
Accept my definition
Of yourself then your in my prison
Whos reality's
Gradually
Having me
Casually
Can you fathom the insanity
Of believing the truth is held by a few
And it ain't me or you
Ain't no truths just points of view
If it ain't known then is it still true
And If God made scriptures?
Can you tell me?
What language did she write in?
And if she picked one, out of the thousands?
How is that enlightening
For those that dont speak the language
How they gonna understand it?
Or is god that underhanded
That he'd act just about as dumb as man is
People just wanna feel important
Reporting ideas of the truth extorting
Those without nothing are the ones that brought in
Look at religion its almost deporting
Hard to admit that the world we're brought in
We ain't got a clue what the fuck the force is
That makes uncountable stars in the cosmos
Easy like a painter doing odd jobs
Accept that we dont know whats what

All gonna die anyway so whats lost
Good, bad, heaven, hell
Just ideas that are sold so well
By all the people with power and privilege
To trap us in fear, living like invalids
C'mon look at the BASTARDS like
Telling you to wait for the afterlife
They Ain't gotta live with half the strife
Fuck turn the other cheek, hardest strike
For anyone that tries to take your power
And use it in their way selfish
Nah, fuck these cowards
You're as divine as anybody else is
Anyone that tries to trouble your loved ones
That is the time and the place that you can buss guns
Numb fucks livin' off trust funds
Got us down hear struggling for nuff crumbs
People end up dumb, killing over lump sums
Look how quickly we become accustom
To picture the paper that's pretty
The price of a tenant to live in the city
Life were defending has ever been shitty
They write all the endings and never been with me

Look what they feed us, leaders
Prophets a profit, think that they're Jesus
Did Jesus ask for a church collection?
Or drive a rolls royce with a turbo engine?
Lines in my voice and the words i mention?
Inspired by choice that of false pretension?
Blinded by noise of the poise of pension
Sang with my boys we are music henchmen (?)
See? the truth i mention
Beyond my own comprehension

Akala - Knowledge Is Power Lyrics

We claim we're lovin' this hip hop
Are we ready to understand it
In its fullest cultural state
Beyond its useless branding
Beyond the story that keeps us telling us the common myth
People started rapping in the 70's what a bunch of shit
Done with the talk
Im lovin New York for impact in my heart
But lets not pretend there was no foundation to this art
Cos KRS-ONE and Bam would be the first ones to say
Birth of hip hop runs far deeper within our veins
Before Kool Herc came to New York pumping 100 watts
Before the Watts Prophets, Last Poets and Gil Scott
Before there was Jazz
Before there was Blues
Before there was Cab Calloway
Before the whips the ships and all the tragedy
Before we were stripped of Knowledge of our cultural anatomy
You could be hip hop for generations you're still family
Before there were slaves, fuck the bullshit about slave music
You must have had a cultural base to even produce it
The schools of Timbuktu they already knew
The cycles of the planet and the motion of the moon
150 years before Galileo check it
And medieval Benin's in the Guinness book of records
And all of them cultures there... they had a Griot speaker
A story telling musician poet and history keeper
Who had to memorise a couple thousand oral epics
The tradition still exists today but it could get neglected
And hip hop? Needs to be understood
In its fullest context not just as a product of the hood
Cos Miles Davis was rich and still played with the same feeling
It's that cultural memory go and ask Steven
Ella Fitz Gerald scatting's basically rapping
If you know we lost our language then you know what has happened
So when you hear somebody's rapping?
The base of its is African
Its not about excluding nobody its just accurate...

KNOWLEDGE... IS... POWER!
Don't let them tell you 'bout yourself
Never that's your wealth
KNOWLEDGE... IS... POWER!
If you dont feed your mind how can you live in health?
KNOWLEDGE... IS... POWER!
Don't let them tell you 'bout yourself
Never that's your wealth

Look around hip hop's becomes this global voice
But we must understand its roots so we can have a choice
What we should do with it how to use it
How to teach our students
Cos Viacom is not our cultural institution
But it will use this culture for its prostitution
And our destruction, anything but a solution
The ghetto dilemma's as bad as its ever been
People are dead, just ain't rememberin'
Roots of the rhythm and bass
[?] thing is as good as the parts that assemble it
Hamlet is writing, we think the pencil is
People are sacred, we think the Temple is
If i'm uncomfortable you shouldn't mention it
Im superior so watch your sentences
Don't disturb my privileged pensioners
Living off ignorance of all the members of
Every one of all the people we severed off
Never one of all the people we're never soft
Any gun or the better we sell it off
Any sum of all the cheddar we level off
Cultural suicide is a necessity
To get you to worship celebrity
Cos people with a strong sense of themselves could say that we'll never be

When they say that Knowledge ain't for you and your people
They're tryna' keep you less than equal
Cos deep down in themselves, that's how they really see you
Less based on status
Or the places you was raised in
Or the shape of your faces
Degrees or bank statements
So we gotta reject Whatever they set
They're never benevolent yet
Yet we sit at a desk Collecting a check
No need to ever respect
Mess coupled by death
Tripled by theft
Look at the West and the rest
Transfer knowledge transfer the power then tell me what is left
Bliss? No ignorance
It just just his head that is numbing the pain
Only the clever shit should ever change
Our development towards an aim
No bro, push of the chain
Training the muscle is training the brain
It is the same if you push through the pain
Once you are strong you are never the same
Your manner your swagger
The way that you stand up
The way that you work with your boys as a rapper

I've seen a killer convert from a trapper
To working with yout dem and tellin' em man up
I am not telling you it will get better
But if we are to fight we must keep our jab up

C'mon my people stand up